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P O E T I C  
M I S C E L L A N I E S.

WRITTEN OCCASIONALLY,

AND ADDRESSED TO

THE AUTHOR'S RELATIVES,  
AND  
PARTICULAR FRIENDS.

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By the Rev. J. C.

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" TRUTH guards the Poet, sanctifies the Line,  
" And makes immortal—Verse as mean as mine."

Pope's Satires.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCXCI.

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## The Author's Address to his Friends.

**P**REFIXING an Epistle Dedicatory to a Book by its Author, and addressing it to some noble Personage or [person of influence, is like hanging out a sign in order to recommend our wares: And as these dedications have been generally stuffed with fulsome flattery, and mean adulation, so they are now generally exploded. Another method has been adopted in later times: The author addresses the reader, and begs his "candor will overlook the many inaccuracies and defects which he will find in the diction, stile, or arrangement of the parts of the following subject, &c. &c. &c." This also is nugatory: The reader, according to his taste and judgment, will approve or condemn the performance,

formance, whether its author implores indulgence or not.

The Author of the following little detached pieces rejects both these methods. If he were to request the Reader's indulgence for the defects which he may perceive in them, he must request it for the whole; and then it might be asked, — "Why print them at all?" — And the same question might be put, in case he addressed them to some one of noble birth, or a person of influence. He therefore only addresses them to the persons to whom they were at first written, (some of the pieces by their particular desire) and he feels no necessity of requesting their candor and indulgence; for he has it already: and he knows also, that *Love covereth a multitude of faults.*

POETIC

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POETIC MISCELLANIES.

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A SOLILOQUY,

BY A PERSON APPARENTLY NEAR DEATH.

“ What hero, like the man who scans himself ;  
“ And dares to meet his naked heart alone ;  
“ Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,  
“ Resolv’d to silence future clamours there ?”—

Young.

**E**RE I leave this bustling stage,  
Conscience, let me read thy page :  
Let me turn thy records o’er,  
And minutely each explore !  
Thou hast noted all the facts,  
All my words, and thoughts, and acts :  
And my every step canst trace  
Thro’ this devious, winding maze.  
Thou a register hast kept,  
When I wak’d, and when I slept :  
Thou wast with me night and day,  
Close companion all the way :

B

Shewing



Shewing still a friendly care ;  
Pointing out each deadly snare :  
Warning, as I travell'd on,  
What to seek, and what to shun :  
When to fight, and when to fly,  
If I saw temptation nigh :  
Thou, my monitor within,  
Always shew'dst me what was fin :  
And, as God's Vicegerent here,  
Oft hast made me quake for fear.

Act then, now, thy faithful part ;  
Whisper to my panting heart,  
(Since my race of life is run)  
What I've thought, and said, and done ?  
Tell me when I went astray,—  
✓ Turn'd to folly's crooked way ?  
When I left my Father's house ;  
Broke my early, sacred vows ?  
When I strove on husks to dine,  
Mingling with the filthy swine ?  
What was then my state ; O tell,  
Was it not a present hell ?  
Did not Pleasure leave behind  
Something painful in the mind ?

Which

Which from thee I strove to hide,  
But in vain ; for thou didst chide :  
Still did'st whisper in my ear,  
“ Fly this place, for ruin's here :  
Never more with *Circe* sup,  
Death is surely in her cup.”  
Tell me, did I then essay,  
Burst my bonds, and break away ?  
Did I wake from nature's sleep,  
And for sin in secret weep ?  
Did I to my Father turn,  
And for folly deeply mourn ?  
Did I all my crimes confess,  
Suing earnestly for peace ?  
Crying, in a suppliant tone,  
“ Father, pardon what I've done ?”  
Did he give me back ~~my hope,~~  
Raise my fainting spirit up ?  
Did he, as a Father mild,  
Kiss his once rebellious child ?  
Cancel all my former score,  
Bid me go and sin no more ?  
Tell me, Conscience, tell me when  
I, by grace, was born again ?

Thou didst note when I believ'd,  
And to CHRIST sincerely cleav'd :  
When I felt my soul on fire,  
Ardently to heaven aspire ?  
When I tasted of the joy,  
Which can never, never cloy ?  
When I had a draught of love,  
From the Fountain-head above :  
Thou didst share th' extatic blifs,  
And canst tell how sweet it is !

But, from grace if e'er I fell,  
Surely, Conscience, THOU canst tell !  
If so basely I could act,  
Thou canst ascertain the fact ;  
Mark the circumstance, and how,  
If I broke my solemn vow :  
If the spirit e'er I griev'd,  
Since in CHRIST I first believ'd :  
If I ever was restor'd  
To the favour of my LORD :  
If I now his image bear :  
If he owns me for his heir :  
Heir to mansions in the skies ;  
When from death thro' Christ I rise :

Is



Is my title full and clear?  
 Have I nothing now to fear?  
 Come, my soul, then leave this clod;  
 Burst thy prison: fly to God!  
 Soar aloft, and launch away,  
 To the realms of endless day!

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## S T A N Z A S

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZ. PERCY, OF GARRADICE,  
 IN THE COUNTY OF LEITRIM:

*Addressed to her two Daughters.*

AND is Eliza gone,  
 To me, to all so dear?  
 Then let me heave a mournful sigh,  
 And drop a friendly tear!  
 What! though no letter'd stone †  
 Records her sleeping dust:  
 Her gentle spirit mounts on high,  
 And shines among the JUST!

But

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† The Author had heard that no Monument or Inscription was dedicated to her memory, in the church of *Drumreilly*, where she is interred.

But is no grateful friend,  
 So gen'rous to step forth ;  
 To speak her mildness, gentle ease,  
 Her meekness, and her worth ?  
 Will no *Roscommon*-bard\*,  
 Her matchless worth display ?  
 Ungrateful *Leitrim*† ! art thou dumb,  
 Or canst thou nothing say ?

Though all should silent be,  
 There's one still grateful found ;  
 Who'd praise her virtues, praise her deeds,  
 Her virtuous deeds resound.

He'd praise them more and more,  
 And celebrate her fame.  
 But he ne'er drank *Parnassus*' fount,  
 Nor claims a Poet's name.

To

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\* She was born in the County of *Roscommon*.

† *Leitrim* was formerly famous for Poets and Musicians.  
 There is a remarkable beautiful hill in it, called *Sheemore*,  
 almost of a conical figure, which may be called the *Irish*  
*Parnassus* ; from which there is an extensive prospect of  
 hills, plains, mountains, lakes, and beautiful rivers.

To you, ye blooming fair,  
Fair emblems of her here ;  
He points the road, in which she walk'd,  
With diligence and care.

Oh ! mark her humble steps ;  
Ne'er deviate from that way ;  
Let no false light deceive your eyes,  
Or lead your feet astray.

The law of God she lov'd,  
And carefully perus'd ;  
To gain the knowledge of his will,  
No labour e'er refus'd.

The Bible was her guide,  
By which she steer'd along ;  
She minded not what Deists said,  
Who treat it as a song.

Those poor, unthinking fools,  
Who God's own word despise,  
She saw were dark, yea, grossly dark,  
Though wise in their own eyes.

She



She pitied also those,  
 Who bustle here in noise ;  
 Who waste themselves with anxious care,  
 Contending still for toys.

She lov'd a calm retreat†,  
 Where solid joys are found ;  
 Nor wish'd to mingle with a set,  
 Where censure whispers round.

Her mind was still serene,  
 Her breast was still at ease ;  
 Her ill she patiently endur'd,  
 Nor murmur'd at disease ||.

This is the fruit of faith,  
 Which shews the christian here ;  
 Yea, faith disarms the monster Death,  
 Or blunts his pointed spear.

'Tis

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† *Garradice* is situate on the shore of a large and beautiful lake, surrounded with hills and woods, which render it a most enchanting rural seat.

|| She was almost constantly confined by sickness ; bore seventeen children, and died a few minutes after being delivered of the seventeenth.

'Tis faith in JESU's blood,  
That makes men truly brave ;  
Through this they find the peace of God,  
And look beyond the grave.

By sickness when we 're tried,  
By griefs and cares oppress'd ;  
'Tis peace alone, the peace of God,  
Can lull these cares to rest.

By tempests when we're toss'd ;  
When boist'rous billows roll ;  
'Tis faith and hope will then support  
A tempted, sinking Soul.

When we're of friends bereft,  
Forfaken, or forlorn :  
'Tis faith in Christ, by which our wrongs,  
By which our griefs are borne.

Your Mother follow then,  
And imitate in this ;  
So shall ye climb through trials here,  
To realms of endless bliss.

As tenderly she lov'd,  
So carefully she taught,  
Your infant minds to catch the flame,  
Which she herself had caught.

That flame of sacred love,  
Of love to Christ, her Lord ;  
Who had so freely died for her,  
According to his word.

Too soon indeed for *you*,  
Too soon she left you here ;  
But yet she's gone to realms of joy,  
In the celestial sphere.

From *Garradice* below,  
To Paradise above,  
She wing'd her flight to meet her Lord,  
The Lord of life and love.

While here to earth confin'd,  
Her thoughts were upwards bent ;  
To seek that city which shall come,  
Was still her chief intent.

The



The view of *Zion's* hill  
Her mental eye survey'd ;  
To this she press'd most ardently,  
On this her hopes were stay'd.

She view'd the glorious sun,  
The *Sun of righteousness* ;  
'Twas *through a glass*, indeed, she view'd,  
Which made her joys the less.

The blaze of day she fought,  
The blaze of endless day ;  
And Jesus was the *morning star*,  
To guide her on the way.

She now enjoys the light,  
To saints and angels giv'n ;  
She calls on you to follow her,  
And beck'ns you to heav'n.

But, while ye stay below,  
Take care ye do not stray,  
From that strait path, in which she walk'd ;  
For 'tis the only way.

If by this course ye move,  
This compass always steer;  
The world shall then have once to say,  
“Two Phœnixes appear!”

Should Envy, with a grin,  
Or jaundic'd eye, survey  
These well-meant lines, and doubt the truth  
Of this plain, simple lay:

Or should she, with a taunt,  
Maliciously deride,  
And call this — “Fulsome flatt'ry, all,”—  
Because it checks her pride:

Mind not her envious sneer,  
But carefully proceed,  
To follow her, who was, in truth,  
*An Israelite indeed.*

With an unbias'd ear,  
To his advice attend;  
Who, scorning flatt'ry, stiles himself  
Your faithful, humble friend.

The

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## The PARTING SCENE,

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS RELATIONS,

October 1st 1783.

“ They all wept, and fell on Paul’s neck, and kissed him :  
Sorrowing for the words which he spake, that they  
should see his face no more.”

Acts, xx. 37, 38.

**T**O part from Friends and Relatives most dear ;  
From those who lov’d me with a love sincere :

To see the throbbing breast, the rising sigh ;

And the big drops fast trickling from each eye :

To tear me from a Sister’s fond embrace ;

To mark in silent grief a Brother’s face :

Can I, unmov’d—Can I, at such a view,

Unfeeling stand, and coldly say,—“ Adieu ?”

Ah ! What is this, which thrills thro’ ev’ry vein,

Which mixes pleasure with most pungent pain ?

Which melts the heart, whilst beating with alarms,

Allays the tumult with its soothing charms,

And with a gentle flame my bosom warms !

Ye, who have felt,—(and ye alone can tell,)

Who whilst ye trembled, found your breasts to swell,

Who



Who found delicious agony to roll,  
Diffusing strange enchantment through the soul :  
Ye, who have tasted this extatic bliss,  
Define its nature, and say what it is?  
—'Tis something touching Nature's finest string,  
Which moves the Sage, the Hero, and the King :  
These all have felt its pow'r, in ev'ry age :  
(Read Grecian *Homer*, and the sacred page :)  
Tis this which ties, and mystically blends  
Two tender, loving, sympathizing friends.  
Oh ! may I ne'er from Friendship's ties be freed !  
Its strictest bonds are pleasing bonds indeed.  
How nice its sense !—its feelings how refin'd !  
It shews a great, and an exalted Mind.  
Yet still to make our Friendship lasting prove,  
It must concenter in the God of Love.  
'Tis He attracts, unites, cements each part,  
And makes of twain, one undivided heart.  
As *radii* to their common centre tend ;  
So brother meets a brother, friend meets friend :  
And, thus united, move as by one Soul ;  
For, God, the centre, actuates the whole.  
But, now ye ask,—“ Since thus united, we,  
By friendship's ties, so cordially agree ;

Why

Why do you think of leaving Friends so dear;  
So near by blood, and still by grace more near?"

'Tis hard, indeed, 'tis very hard to part  
From loving friends so twisted round my heart:  
A struggle this, the pencil ne'er can paint,  
And verbal images are still more faint.  
I *feel* this struggle now.—Oh! how it rends  
My bleeding heart, to see my weeping friends!  
Yes, Nature feels, and Sympathy conspires  
To catch the flame of Love's attracting fires.  
The heart relaxes, whilst with warmth it glows,  
And down the cheeks a briny torrent flows.  
Let infidels deride, and call us fools;  
(Since they are harden'd in the Deist-schools)  
Let such our tender feelings—"weakness"—call;  
"A mere romance, or affectation all!"  
Yet still I dare avow,—avow I must,  
A CHRISTIAN's Love is natural, and just:  
It constitutes a mortal half divine,  
And makes his face with heav'nly radiance shine.  
Let Stoics too, who scarcely seem to move,  
Or those, who talk of cold *Platonic* love,  
Let these descant on such phlegmatic themes;  
Give me the ardent CHRISTIAN's warmest frames!

But

But *Stoic* Christians!—If you such can find,  
 Let them be banish'd from the human kind :  
 In darkness let them mope in some cold cell,  
 Or with the tygers in the forest dwell :  
 Let them in caves sit brooding, all alone,  
 And, like the dripping water, turn to stone !  
 My christian friends lie always near my heart ;  
 And yet from these I now am forc'd to part !  
 'Tis *God commands*, and therefore I *obey* ;  
 Whate'er his will, I lie as passive clay :  
 He calls a worm of earth to preach his word !  
 And Gospel medicines, ev'ry help afford  
 To mortals perishing by sin's foul stain ;  
 And snatch them, If I can, from endless pain !  
 —To preach his word !—that task, indeed, is great !  
 For such a work what man was e'er complete ?  
 Yet *things of nought*, and *mean things* God doth  
                   chuse ;  
 And still by such his might and power shews.  
 To *Britain's* Capital HE calls me now ;  
 The cross is great, yet I adoring bow :  
 Yes, trials, bonds, afflictions, wait me there ;—  
 But still, I trust, his grace will help to bear :

Then



Then, in his Name, I'll cross the stormy Deep ;  
But, O my friends, forbear, forbear to weep !  
" The Deep I'll pass, with JESUS in my view,"  
And, as I sail, I'll often think of you.  
But, when by western winds I'm wafted o'er,  
And set my foot at length on BRITAIN'S shore ;  
E'en then, though seas divide us, still we'll find  
Our spirits are by closest union join'd.  
Nay—should cold death divide us for a time,  
We'll meet, I trust, in the celestial clime ;  
And when we land on Zion's blissful shore,  
Our joy shall be complete : we'll part no more.  
In rapture then, that we may meet above,  
I now commend you to the God of Love :  
His PEACE be yours ; his SPIRIT be your guide,—  
That all the storms of life ye may outride ;  
May come at length to Christ's lov'd embrace,  
And view without a veil his beauteous face !

But, ere we part, permit me, as a friend,  
My last and best advice to recommend :  
Ye bore with all my weakness, when I stood,  
And strove to point you to the Saviour's Blood :  
Allow me still in love to do the same,  
And tell the saving virtues of that Name ;

D

That

That *only Name* to sinners ever giv'n ;  
That *only Door*, by which we enter Heaven.  
The Blood of Christ can make the foulest clean ;  
A *fountain* this, to wash out ev'ry stain.  
If sin-sick, helpless, burden'd and distressed,  
Ye come believing, CHRIST will give you *rest*.  
From Satan's bondage would ye now be freed ;  
The Son of God can make you *free indeed*.  
Does head-strong passion reign without control,  
Or anger quite deform thy precious soul ?  
Does envy, hatred, malice, lurk within ?  
Is hellish pride thy most besetting sin ?  
A healing balm for all in Christ is found,  
However foul, however deep the wound.  
His promise is gone forth :—believe his word ;  
The *servant* shall be holy *as his Lord*.  
And if ye're holy, happy ye shall be,  
Happy in time, and through eternity.  
Draw near by Faith, and touch his bleeding side ;  
By simple Faith this marriage knot is tied :  
Behold he courts, he woos you to his arms :  
He's passing fair : he has ten thousand charms.  
His grace to you he freely will impart,  
Impart his Mind and purify your heart.

But

But then be sure to keep your garments clean ;  
Nor let the least foul spot be ever seen :  
Be chaste, be pure, be faithful to your friend ;  
The *lovely Bridegroom* : love him to the end !  
So shall ye walk with him, array'd in *white* ;  
So shall ye mingle with the *saints in light* :  
So shall ye share the marriage-feast above :  
So shall ye drink eternal draughts of love :  
The sweetest draughts of pure perennial bliss ;  
And see your GOD, JEHOVAH, as he is !  
So shall ye dwell, through an eternal day,  
In mansions bright that suffer no decay !

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A N





# An EPITHALAMIUM,

ADDRESSED

To Mrs. ELIZ. C——, (*Sister-in-law to the Author*)  
ON HER MARRIAGE.

“ Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field :  
“ let us lodge in the villages.

“ Let us get up early to the vineyards ; let us see  
“ if the vine flourish ; whether the tender grapes ap-  
“ pear, and the pomegranates bud forth : there will  
“ I give thee my loves.

“ The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are  
“ all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which  
“ I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.”

CANTICLES, vii. 11, 12, 13.

HOW happy, how happy was she,  
Who sat at IMMANUEL's feet ;  
From worldly incumbrances free,  
To taste of angelical meat !  
Her soul thirsted after the Word,  
Each accent that fell from his tongue ;  
And, earnestly viewing her Lord,  
In rapture extatic she hung.

She

She tasted, and drank of the stream,

The water, which freely is giv'n;

She also receiv'd a new name,

A name that's recorded in heav'n:

That wonderful change, the New Birth,

She felt, and her soul was all love;

She walk'd with her Saviour on Earth,

And now she enjoys him above.

And is not that Jesus the same,

Confin'd nor to time nor to place?

To save men from ruin he came,

And all may be saved by Grace:

Yes, all, if they seek it, may find

The Mercy he bought on the Tree;

To all he is loving and kind,

And purchas'd a mansion for thee.

Then haste to the Saviour's embrace,

And make him *thy* Saviour and Lord;

In Him you'll find pardon and peace;

Believe and rely on his word:

That Babe, who in *Bethl'em* was born,

Who once in a manger did lie;

That child, who was treated with scorn,

Is Jesus, exalted on high.

Exalted

Exalted to plead for us there,  
The Court of his Father above;  
That all might the benefit share,  
Partake of his wonderful love.  
The Angels attend at his nod,  
And, gazing, astonish'd behold;  
With homage they own HIM their God,  
Whom *Judas* for silver once fold.

See Phœbus diffusing his light;  
How striking, and dazzling his rays!  
The Stars view, and Queen of the night,  
And silently stand in amaze!  
These all had their being from him,  
Who sometimes is called the WORD;  
Though strange to the Deist it seem,  
The heav'ns declare him their Lord.

Then next to the earth turn thy eyes,  
And view it all cloathed in green;  
Sure here you may gaze with surprize,  
For here too the Godhead is seen:  
The Forest and Woodlands survey,  
And trees that are burden'd with fruit;  
These fully our JESUS display,  
Of *Jesse* the branch and the root.

Go



Go forth to the Villages, go,  
Contemplate the herbs of the field ;  
Behold how the Pomegranates grow,  
What fragrance the Jessamines yield !  
To Vineyards when next you repair,  
To see the grapes tender and young,  
That VINE view with diligent care,  
Which once upon *Calvary* hung !

The Garden affords much delight,  
To see how the Violets blow ;  
Let one thing attract all thy sight,  
That *Lilly* that's whiter than snow !  
But see all the rest, how they droop ;  
How short-liv'd the pleasures they bring !  
To this one they all seem to stoop,  
And hail it their Sov'reign and King !

The Tulip, which rear'd up its head,  
And glitter'd in filken array,  
Is suddenly faded and dead ;  
It sprung up and died in a day !  
So you; too, my friend must decay,  
Though healthful and strong you appear ;  
Your moments are passing away :  
Improve them then well, while you're here.

And

And when you are smelling the Rose,  
Behold one, of beauty most rare !  
In *Sharon* it blossoms and grows,  
'Midst thousands surpassingly fair !  
This Rose will not wither nor fade ;  
It lulls ev'ry passion to rest ;  
And when in the bosom 'tis laid,  
It heals ev'ry pain of the breast.

It banishes terrors and fears,  
The fears, to which all are inclin'd ;  
In sickness it comforts and cheers,  
And brings solid Peace to the Mind.  
If anguish should cause thee to groan,  
This Rose will a cordial impart ;  
Then take it, and make it thine own,  
And still press it close to thy heart.

The Bridegroom will shortly appear,  
All glitt'ning in nuptial array ;  
His presence will banish our fear,  
And chase all our sorrows away :  
The Bride shall be clothed in white,  
In garments all spotless and pure ;  
And then she shall taste of delight,  
Of pleasures that always endure.

Then

Then haste to be ready in time,  
Be wise, and no longer delay;  
Prepare for the heavenly clime,  
Those mansions that never decay:  
Let meekness your ornament be,  
The Bridegroom this highly will prize;  
And, when from the body set free,  
He'll welcome you thus to the skies.

“Come, come, my beloved, my *Bride*,  
My Dove, whom I purchas'd with blood;  
Come, place yourself here by my side,  
Come, taste of this heavenly food:  
This banquet is ready for thee,  
A banquet that never shall end;  
This feast is prepared by me,  
Your Husband, your God, and your Friend.  
“Here fruits in abundance are found,  
Spontaneously always they grow;  
The waters of life here abound,  
And I am the rock whence they flow:  
Then take, and eat freely, my friend,  
Abundantly drink of the wine;  
With me an eternity spend,  
And all that I have shall be thine.”



# AN EPISTLE

To Mrs. REBECCA STUBBS,

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER, IN AUGUST, 1785.

AND does my *Beck* still draw her vital breath,  
 Just barely rescu'd from the jaws of death?  
 Methought, indeed, you'd left me here behind,  
 And gain'd that harbour, which I wish to find:  
 Had left your friend still toiling on this sea,  
 And safe in port, were looking back on me:  
 Were looking back to see if I steer'd right,  
 'Midst dangerous rocks, oft hidden from my sight:  
 That then you cried to Him, who rules the winds,  
 Who limits ocean, and in fetters binds,  
 To lend his aid, to reach me out his hand,  
 Left I should sink when just in sight of land:  
 That land of rest, where toil and labour cease,  
 Where all is joy, tranquility, and peace.

If Spirits think, then sure our friends above,  
 Who drink the streams of God's unbounded love,

Cannot

Cannot forget their brethren here below,  
But all the signs of sympathy will shew.  
'Tis true, they weep not ; for no tears are there :  
Where all is sunshine, all are free from care.  
They see our dangers, and perhaps they feel ;  
But how they do it, who that's here can tell ?

You're spar'd a little, in this vale of tears,  
But still you tremble, and are full of fears :  
Your fears increase, whene'er you look around,  
For, where you stand, you know is slippery ground :  
You fear the men who bear the christian name,  
Yet by their deeds put Christ to open shame :  
You fear the world, with its enchanting snares ;  
You fear its smiles, but more its thorny cares :  
You fear the Devil, roaring for his prey ;  
You fear *yourself*, and fain would be away.  
But here again you stop, and call to mind  
The darling infants, you must leave behind :  
Ah ! there's the task !—How hard it is to part  
With tender babes, so twisted round your heart !  
Your bowels yearn ! you look, and look again ;  
And whilst you gaze, awhile forget your pain.  
“ My babes !—you cry, how can I leave you here,  
To combat storms ; through boist'rous waves to steer !

Ah ! who shall guide you in your giddy youth,  
Improve your minds, or point you to the Truth ?  
Will ye be cloth'd, or find a piece of bread,  
When I go hence, and mingle with the dead ?  
Or must ye bear the savage ruffian's hand,  
And on him wait to hear his stern command ?  
Must ye be scoff'd, and ridicul'd, and scorn'd,  
And by the vilest of the rabble spurn'd ?  
Oh ! how my heart-strings rend at this dire thought !  
I feel the ills to which ye may be brought !—”

Enough !—my sister, let me stop you here ;  
And dry up, if I can, that trickling tear :  
Your yearnings are my own ; I felt them too ;  
And having felt, can sympathize with you.  
The path I've travers'd, you have lately trod ;  
And know how creatures wean us from our God.  
Ah ! creature-loves, and idols, all begone !  
And let me love my God, and him alone.  
To steer through life, as I have found the clue,  
I stop awhile to point it out to you :  
This maze of life, yea rather, vale of death ;  
For we are dying since we drew our breath.  
*Faith*, mighty *Faith* ; this, sister, is the clue ;  
*By Faith the Just shall live*, and conquer too.

Yes,



Yes, *Faith o'ercomes the world*, dispels our fear ;  
 Disarms the monster Death, or blunts his spear.  
 By Faith we trust our God with all we have,  
 And to his wise disposal all things leave.  
 We know ELIJAH's God can all things do ;  
 Who feeds the fowls will feed our children too.  
 Who decks the lilly with that beauteous vest,  
 Will give us rayment, or what he sees best.  
 Whilst clogg'd with flesh and matter here below,  
 We see but *darkly*, almost nothing know :  
 The ways of God to us mysterious seem ;  
 But faith cries out,—“ Pray leave it all to Him :  
 To him commit your cause, who's wise and just,  
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust†.”—

Besides, my sister, when you take a view  
 Of all that God hath strangely done for you,  
 How he hath led you through this desert land,  
 And all your wants supplied with lib'ral hand :  
 O can you for a moment once give way  
 To unbelief, or doubt what God doth say ?  
 The God of Truth, the God that cannot lie ;  
 That freely pours his blessings from the sky ?  
 Who counts your hairs, who's mighty still to save ;  
 And hath so lately snatch'd you from the grave ?

No

† See Parnel's Hermit.

No—no—you cannot, *dare* not disbelieve ;  
But *now* resolve his Spirit ne'er to grieve.

Be faithful then ;—to all your ways take heed,  
And God will pour his blessing on your seed :  
Be faithful unto death, and view the prize  
By CHRIST prepar'd, a mansion in the Skies :  
A *crown of life* not subject to decay,  
With all the blifs of an eternal day.

Behold he comes ! whose promises are sure,  
To crown the just, who to the end endure,  
Behold he comes—the great JEHOVAH comes—  
To wake the Saints out of their yawning tombs !  
The Saints who *sleep in him* shall then awake ;  
And slumb'ring dust shall soon new forms partake :  
Yes, brilliant forms, far brighter than the Sun,  
Which through immensity with ease shall run ;  
Shall fly at his command, who gives them wing,  
And pay their homage to their Sov'reign King.  
No pain they feel in that celestial sphere,  
And scarce remember that they suffer'd here.

Transporting thought !—Oh ! how it lifts me up !  
For, now I seem to stand on *Pisgah's* top.  
My eager Spirit fain would take its flight,  
And soaring mingle with the *Saints in light*.

My

My dear departed friends, who're gone before,  
Shall greet me, when I land on *Zion's* shore ;  
And you, among the rest, I hope to find,  
To share the Glory for the Saints design'd.

O Thou, to whom, at parting, once I gave  
That soul in charge, believing thou wouldst save ;  
Wouldst save her in each trial, save at last,  
And be her covert from the furious blast :  
I trusted her with thee, and still I trust ;  
Thy word is sure, and thou art ever just,—  
Return, I ask, return her safe to me,  
Purg'd from all sin, from all impurity :  
My Sister let me see a *glorious* bride,  
Array'd in white, and seated by thy side !  
'Midst blood-wash'd Saints, O may I meet her there !  
In tribulation she's my Sister here.

The earth shall cease to move, the Sun to shine,  
And all those orbs that shew the hand divine :  
The heav'ns too, thou say'st, shall not endure ;  
But still thy Truth, thy promises are sure.  
On these I build my hopes, on these rely,  
By these upborne all dangers I defy :  
Yes, Death itself I'll meet, if thou art near,  
With calm repose, and even void of fear.

My



My gracious God, my Father, and my Friend,  
 Still nigh me stand, and save me to the end :  
 Yea, save my Sister too, and let us meet  
 In blissful rapture both at JESU's feet ;  
 Where we shall join the Saints' melodious choir,  
 And with eternal praises tune our lyre !

---

## A M E D I T A T I O N

AT THE OLD FOUNDRY, NEAR MOORFIELDS, LONDON :

*Whilst the rain was pouring through the roof, and burst down  
 a part of the cieling of the chamber, where the author lay con-  
 fined by sickness.* Nov. 10, 1785.

“ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 “ The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 “ Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 “ And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
 “ Leave not a wreck behind !”

Shakespear.

**T**HIS tott'ring Fabric, with its mould'ring walls,  
 Its beams decay'd, bent rafters, shatter'd roof ;  
 Minutely paints, exactly represents  
 My poor, my frail, my weak, and earthen frame ?

O

O all-corroding, all-consuming Time !  
What dome, what tow'r, what temple, sacred shrine,  
Could e'er resist thy rage ?—How soon dissolve  
The massy bars ; the gates of solid brass !  
Yea, adamantine rocks will moulder down !  
What now remains of antient *Babylon*,  
(*Chaldea's* boast !) its gardens rais'd aloft,  
And all the grandeur of its haughty king ?  
How little e'en of *Egypt's* Pyramids,  
Where monarchs lay embalm'd in regal state ;  
Those piles, which cover'd acres with their base,  
And pierc'd the clouds with their aspiring tops !  
Where's now that Fane, the wonder of the world,  
Which once in splendour stood on *Zion's* hill ;  
Erected there by *Solomon* the wise,  
And dedicated to the great I AM ?  
Where now those Priests, old *Levi's* hallow'd sons,  
Who there in order stood, at God's command,  
The altar tending, offering sacrifice ;  
The shadowy type of HIM that was to come ?  
Those Prophets too, those holy men of God,  
The heralds of the great ETERNAL KING,  
Who warn'd the nations, that transgress'd his laws,  
Of dangers near impending o'er their heads,

F

And

And, in his name declar'd, or peace, or war :  
Are these *all* gone ? cut down by fleeting Time,  
And swept, as with a besom from the world ?  
Yes :—e'en the man, who warn'd a rebel race,  
And preach'd for twice the space of threescore years ;  
Who then took ship, and sail'd o'er mountain tops,  
Securely sail'd, and so outliv'd the flood :  
E'en HE is gone ; and, 'midst its parent earth,  
No atom of his dust can now be seen ;  
No, nor discern'd by microscopic eye !  
Within these ragged walls, as Fame records,  
Here stood the men, the messengers divine,  
The Gospel-heralds, who, in JESU'S name,  
Proclaim'd the terms of free, of lasting peace,  
And offer'd pardons to the list'ning throng :  
Ambassadors for GOD, they dared to speak  
With holy boldness, yet respectful awe ;  
For, well they knew, that they themselves were men,  
Yea, pardon'd rebels, who had been in arms.  
'These, too, have ceas'd to speak ; have ceas'd to act ;  
And *all*, in turns, have hence their exit made.  
But, do they cease to live ; or cease to be ?  
Are they, who trod this stage of busy life,  
And bade their brethren look beyond the grave  
With



With pleasing hopes of Immortality ;  
Are *these* deceiv'd ?—or, (what is most absurd)  
Reduc'd to nothing ? What ! to be no more !  
Sure common-sense abhors the shocking thought !  
Can Man, endued by God with Reason's gift,  
Can MAN suppose, or even dare to think,  
That souls intelligent, so wisely form'd,  
Which bore the stamp of HIM, from whom they  
    sprung,  
An emanation from th' eternal Source,  
Shall wholly vanish, and exist no more !—  
*Annihilation* !—Ha !—How strange a word !  
The sacred page, I'm sure, records it not :  
'Twas hatch'd in hell ; 'twas nurtur'd by the fiends,  
And Satan introduc'd it to the light ;  
Who first told *Eve* her children should be gods ;  
And *them* he tells that they shall cease to be.  
Be gone ! thou foul, thou vile, insidious foe !  
A liar sure thou art : thy lure I spurn :  
Since Reason, and the Scriptures clearly prove,  
That Immortality belongs to man.  
'Tis true, this body sleeps in dust awhile,  
And mingles with the clay, from whence 'twas  
    form'd ;

Yet rise again it shall, to bliss or woe.  
 To bliss the just shall rise, and shine as stars,  
 As brilliant stars, in glory's firmament ;  
 Whilst others rise to everlasting shame,  
 And then are banish'd to the dark abyss.  
 When angel-heralds, waiting on their Lord,  
 In order stand, with trumps prepar'd to sound ;  
 And one shall swear, that—" *Time shall be no more.*"—  
 'Tis then the WISE, who turn'd from error's ways,  
 The giddy fools, far wand'ring from their God,  
 And brought them back to hear the shepherd's voice:  
 'Tis then they'll shine, and hear JEHOVAH say,  
 " Come hither, sons ; receive your full reward,  
 " And live with me, whilst I myself exist."

And is it so ?—Shall I revive again ?  
 Shall ev'ry atom of this curious frame,  
 This casket of the soul, be gather'd up,  
 And bear the glorious image, stamp divine ?  
 It shall : it must : For my REDEEMER lives :  
 He conquer'd Death :—Thro' Him I'll conquer too ;  
 And in my flesh I shall behold my God !  
 Then blow, ye winds ; let rain and hail descend ;  
 Let earth's foundation shake, with all its tow'rs ;  
 Its cities great, its towns and structures fair ;

The

The work of ages, and the pride of kings.  
 This body too may crumble into dust,  
 Or lie forgotten in the silent tomb;  
 A house I have, not built by mortal hands;  
 A mansion bright, eternal in the skies.  
 My title to it now I read by Faith,  
 Which gives a clear and more extensive view,  
 Than all the tubes astronomers can frame.  
 Yes, Faith makes visible that solid rock,  
 The Rock of ages, which shall me support,  
 Amidst the thund'rings of an angry God;  
 The wild, the dread dismay of Infidels,  
 And all the horrid crash of burning worlds!

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### AN EPI TAPH

ON A MAN WHO WAS DROWNED WHILST BATHING IN THE  
 SEA AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

**T**O live each moment, Reader, be thy care;  
 To live, as seeing The INVISIBLE!  
 Live so prepar'd, that when HE calls thee hence,  
 Thy soul may spotless stand on Zion's hill.  
 Who lives by Faith, who every moment hangs  
 With firm reliance on the suffering God,

Can



Can never be surpriz'd by sudden death,  
 Or heedless launch into a world unknown.  
 What though his mortal part may sink in waves,  
 Or sleeping lie to moulder in the dust;  
 The particle divine ascends on high,  
 To swim in oceans of eternal bliss!

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## A SOLILOQUY,

Of Mrs. C—,

ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER ELIZABETH,

(Who died Jan. 25. 1787. Aged six Years and five Months.)

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“*Rachel*, weeping for her Children, refused to be comforted, because they were not.”

Jeremiah, xxxi. 15.

AH! how fleeting earthly joys!  
 Passing shadows! empty toys  
 Life's a bubble on the stream;  
 Or a short fantastic dream.  
 How deceitful every thing!  
 In the honey there's a sting!  
 Hast thou nectar at thy lip?  
 Mark the bitter ere you sip.

Ere

Ere you put it to your nose,  
See the thorn beneath the rose!  
View the beauties of the spring;  
Short-liv'd beauties on the wing!  
See the vernal flowers fade,  
Which but now had deck'd the mead!  
View the Tulip rear its head,  
Streak'd with native white and red!  
Soon behold its humbl'd crest  
Stoops, and withers like the rest!  
See the fragrant damask rose  
Bending downwards as it blows!  
So my *Betsey* bloom'd awhile,  
Bless'd her mother with a smile:  
Smil'd and prattl'd by my side,  
Frisk'd about, and play'd and died.  
Yet my fancy still would seem  
To persuade I only dream.  
What is this, which still I find?  
Sure her image strikes my mind!  
Still methinks, I see her eyes,  
Like the Stars in yonder skies,  
Darting forth their lustre bright,  
Vying with the diamond's light,

Still

Still her accents strike my ear,  
Sounds, which always us'd to chear.  
See her yonder, in the fields,  
Cull the sweets which Nature yields :  
View the little florist Queen  
Plucking daisies on the green :  
Like an active, bustling bee,  
Forming nosegays all for me !  
All her actions, all her cares,  
Shew'd her wise above her years !  
Did she see me pensive, sad ;  
Then she strove to make me glad :  
Forc'd a smile amidst her pain :  
Tho' convuls'd, she smil'd again.  
Hov'ring round the Angels gaz'd  
At the sight, and stood amaz'd :  
Then they bore her on their wings,  
To behold the KING of KINGS.  
Oh ! what pencil, oh ! what pen,  
Can describe the' affecting scene !  
Let the Stoics call us fools,  
Lay down maxims, or dull rules ;  
What they never felt, decry,  
Parent's softest sympathy,



O ye sympathetic few !

Let me now appeal to you :

Do not Nature's feelings bind,

Sensibly affect the mind ?

Yes, the tears of Friendship prove

Sensibility and Love.

See how Jesus groans and weeps !

Whilst in death his Laz'rus sleeps :

Can then mortals stand unmov'd ?

Not lament the friend they lov'd ?

Can I stop the gushing tear,

Parting with my *Betsey* dear ?

Sooner may the sea be dry,

Than the fountain of my eye :

Sooner may the Sun stand still,

Than my heart forget to feel.

She has left me here to mourn,

From my heaving bosom torn.

Oh ! this struggle !—must we part ?—

Sure she's twisted round my heart !—

Hark !—there's something cries within ;

“ Cease thy mourning ; cease to sin :

Cease to tempt the Lord thy God ;

Own his sceptre, kiss his rod :

G

Let

Let him reign thy Sov'reign still;  
Never dare to thwart his will :  
He, who gave thy child its breath,  
Hath recall'd it now by Death :  
With thy idols bids thee part,  
Give to him alone thy heart.  
He thy child has taken home,  
Snatch'd her from the ills to come :  
Plac'd her midst th' angelic choir,  
There to tune her golden Lyre :  
There she stands array'd in white,  
Mingling with the saints in light;  
Shouting with the hosts above ;  
" Praise my God, the God of love !"

O my God, I own thy sway ;  
Give me power to obey !  
Help me now to bear my loss,  
Patiently take up my cross.  
Let me ne'er thy Spirit grieve,  
Never murmur whilst I live :  
Let me only live to thee,  
Be what thou wouldst have me be !  
On the altar now I lay  
All my *Isaacs* from this day :

Yes

Yes, ye idols, all depart ;  
 Let me give to God my heart :  
 Let him now possess me whole,  
 Mind, and body, spirit, soul !

Amen !

## AN EXPOSTULATION

*With Mr. R. C—,*

WHO COULD NOT FULLY RESIGN HIS CHILD, WHEN IT  
 SEEMED TO BE NEAR DEATH.

“ Keep yourselves from idols.” 1 John, v. 21.

**F**OR shame, my dear Brother, to heave such a  
 sigh !

So mournfully hang down thy head !

What weakness, to murmur, lest now the Most High

Should number thy child with the dead !

Shall clay to the Potter prescribe what is right,

Whilst moulding it under his hand ?

Shall dust with its Maker presume still to fight,

Or dare disobey his command ?

G 2

Shall



Shall short-sighted mortals, opposing the will,  
Or thwarting JEHOVAH's decree ;  
Audaciously boast of superior skill,  
And think they are wiser than He !  
Shall children of *Adam* repine at their lot,  
Not calling to mind his sad fall !  
Nay, rather let all men bewail the foul blot,  
Since Death is entail'd on us all !

Who formed the body, and first gave it breath,  
Who fashion'd the bones in the womb ;  
Has he not a right to recall it by death,  
And earth to consign to the tomb ?  
Go thou, and consider the patience of *Job*,  
Consider his words and be wise ;  
Whose hope was not fix'd upon this earthly globe,  
But always look'd up to the skies.

“ Who gave me my children, may take them away,  
All praise to JEHOVAH, my Lord !  
I'll meet them again, in that thrice happy day ;  
I firmly rely on his Word.  
'Tis true, this vile body must moulder in dust,  
And therefore I'm fully resign'd ;  
Again it shall *glorious* rise with the *just*,  
When every atom's refin'd.

The

“ The worms may with greediness feast on my flesh,  
My beauty may soon fade away ;  
Ere long my REDEEMER shall clothe it afresh,  
With robes that shall never decay.  
These eyes may be clos'd in the darkness of night,  
And silently sleep in the tomb ;  
Again they shall see their Creator in light,  
Where Saints shall eternally bloom.”

Was *Abra'm* commanded his *Isaac* to slay,  
The Son of the Promise, his heir ?  
And did he, without hesitation, obey,  
'Till God said again to him—“ Spare !” ?  
Go thou and do likewise ; surrender the loan,  
Which but for a season was giv'n ;  
And cheerfully, willingly yield God his own,  
Submit to your Father in heav'n.

“ Ah ! hard is the task, (you most ardently cry)  
So soon with my darling to part !  
His gestures, his features, his sparkling bright eye,  
His prattle had won my fond heart :  
Oh ! how shall I drag on my days when he's gone !  
How pass my life ; moping, forlorn,  
And sleepless at night, whilst I inwardly groan,  
And anxiously wish for the morn !

Shall

“ Shall daifies, shall cowslips, shall roses delight ?

My garden, where oft I reclin'd ?

No, these shall all bring my dear boy to my sight,

His image impress on my mind :

The questions he started, and wish'd me to solve,

Repeated again, and again ;

When these, with his lip, in my mind I revolve,

They'll serve but to heighten my pain.

“ The embryo genius, like roses in bud,

I fondly believ'd would expand ;

And fancy suggested what wonderful good

My son would diffuse through the land.

The merchant may talk of his losses at sea ;

The *Spaniard* his gold may deplore ;

But what are the treasures of *India* to me,

If *Tom* I shall dandle no more !”

Ah ! check this sad language ; give ear to a friend :

Such fondness, such folly restrain !

This child might have blasted thy hopes in the end,

Have caus'd thee much trouble and pain.

Tho' fragrant the blossom, the fruit may be sour,

And likewise may have a foul core ;

Tho' fair be the morning, ere noon it may low'r,

And cloud-rending thunders may roar.

Since



Since vice is bound up in the heart of a child,  
Fierce anger, and pride, and self-will :  
The mind, without culture, will still run more wild,  
The poison will certainly kill.  
Perhaps this fond darling, whom now you admire,  
(If God did not mightily save ;)  
Might wickedly shorten the days of his fire,  
And bring your gray hairs to the grave.

Although he at present in natural parts  
May all his coevals surpass,  
Instead of a Doctor, or Master of Arts,  
At length he might prove but an ass.  
This gay pretty Rose-bud which lately you found,  
When blown might have had a rank smell ;  
And having infected the country around,  
Might suddenly then go to hell.

Be thankful to God, who in mercy and love,  
From evil now takes him away ;  
Who calls thy son up to bright mansions above,  
To bask in the regions of day :  
O think of his happiness, think of his joy,  
When, mix'd with the rapturous throng,  
He listens to music, which never shall cloy,  
And vies to re-echo the song.

Think

Think what a proficient your Son *soon* will be,  
In wisdom and heavenly lore;  
How rapidly, when from this body set free,  
Through regions of Science he'll soar!  
In less than a moment his spirit shall know  
The scheme of God's wonderful Plan;  
The things, which, for ages whilst living below,  
*Methuselah* never could scan.

And think how delighted your *Tommy* will be,  
How zealous, and eager he'll stand,  
To meet, and impart all his knowledge to thee,  
And welcome thee safe to the Land!  
Then let thy son hasten to drink of the stream,  
That flows from the fountain of Love;  
And if you are faithful, you'll drink it with him,  
And all the bright seraphs above.

Oh! infinite goodness! astonishing grace!  
JEHOVAH, our God, condescends  
To call us to bask in the light of his face,  
And reptiles to treat as his friends?  
He calls to a banquet, which always shall last,  
In mansions prepar'd by his Son;  
When millions of millions of ages are past,  
The relish is only begun.

The PROSPECT of the Lake *ERNE*,  
 AND THE COUNTRY ADJACENT,  
*From the Hill called KNOCKNINNY.*

---

“ These are thy glorious works ; Parent of Good,  
 “ Almighty, Thine this universal Frame,  
 “ Thus wond’rous fair ; Thyself how wond’rous then !  
 “ To us invisible, or dimly seen,  
 “ In [these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
 “ Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.”

Milton.

THE morn invites ; come then, and let us climb  
 Up yonder Hill that rears its crest sublime :  
 Let us inhale the sweets upon the lawn,  
 View frisking lambkins, and the sportive fawn :  
 And when we gain *Knockninny*’s utmost height,  
 We’ll feast our eyes with exquisite delight.  
 My friend, I know, has taste, and he shall find  
 A copious subject to expand his mind.  
 This day we’ll spend, and chearfully employ,  
 In viewing Nature, and our God enjoy :  
 Each blade of grass, each flow’r, each shrub, each tree,  
 Will point us out the hand of DEITY :

H

Their



Their various tints, their uses, and design,  
Will fully prove the work is all divine !  
If things minute, with microscopic eye,  
We closely view; an atom, or a fly;  
An embryo insect, veil'd within its coat;  
Or lighter things, which in a sun-beam float:  
If *Vegetation* should our mind engross,  
And we should stop to view a bed of Moss;  
Or, if the Fluids, rising from the Root,  
Producing Leaves, perhaps delicious Fruit;  
If these, and thousands more, our thoughts engage;  
The creeping Ivy, and the Mountain-sage \*;  
The Thistle's Down, the Petals of the Flow'rs,  
Where bees sip nectar from ambrosial show'rs:  
The heath with crimson crown'd; the slender rush;  
The wild-rose op'ning; and the hawthorn bush.  
If each of these we study, or the whole,  
A sweet astonishment shall seize the soul!  
Their beauty, texture, curious parts combin'd,  
Afford much matter for a thinking mind:  
The more we search, examine, and explore,  
More cause we find to wonder and adore:

And,

---

\* *Knockninny* abounds with Mountain-Sage.

And, tho' the use of each we cannot scan,  
 Because beyond the reach of mortal man,  
 Yet still in all, in each, a God we see,  
 To whom, with rev'rence, all should bend the knee.

And now, methinks, your mind begins to fill  
 With pleasing rapture, as we mount the Hill :  
 Then let this hillock be our seat awhile,  
 'Till I shall point you first to sweet *Bellisle*†.  
 See there it lies, almost beneath your feet,  
 A most enchanting, lovely, calm retreat :  
 Remote from noise, and from the bustling scene,  
 Where sharpers cheat, and Cits are fill'd with spleen ;  
 Where flattery cringes with a smiling bow,  
 And perjury succeeds the faithless vow ;  
 Where honest worth but rarely meets a friend,  
 And Patriots speak but for some *private* end :  
 Where native blushes (counted now disgrace !)  
 Would seem a wonder on a female face :  
 And whilst the husband pores upon the news,  
 His partner oft frequents the public stews :  
 —But, stop, my thoughts !—with horror now I start !  
 E'en *thoughts* of Cities might pollute the heart !

H 2

Then

---

† The Seat of the Earl of Ross ; in an Island of *Lough Erne*.

Then let us turn our ears to yonder grove,  
To hear the black-bird, and the cooing dove !  
Behold that meadow, and the new-mown hay,  
That lawn, where lambkins sport the live-long day ;  
That splendid dome ; that garden with its fruits ;  
Its grapes, and green-house, with exotic roots !  
See there a clump of trees, and here a brake,  
Which seem down-bending in the placid lake !  
Then lift your eyes, and for a moment gaze  
On those green hills where various cattle graze :  
And, what doth much the rural scene adorn,  
See interspers'd the waving fields of corn !  
The ruffet mountain next will take your view,  
And gently lead you to th' ethereal blue.  
Here stop awhile, and take a prospect round,  
For, here th' horizon terminates the bound :  
And whilst from East to West you cast your eyes,  
A thousand objects strike you with surprize.

See Eastward, far retir'd, amidst the trees,  
Whose tops are waving with a gentle breeze,  
An antient Castle† rear its tow'ring head ;  
Part laid in ruins, part with with Ivy spread :

Whose

---

† *Crum-Castle*, the Seat of the Earl of *Erne* ; famous for holding out the siege in the Irish Rebellion.



Whose walls are wash'd by *Erne's* rolling tide,  
 Whose walls once check'd the Irish forces' pride :  
 A Castle this, in Irish Annals found,  
 Whose Lords for valour always were renown'd :  
 Witness at *Aughrim*, how they bravely stood,  
 Where WILLIAM's Army stem'd the hostile flood :  
 Where JAMES's routed troops bestrew'd the plain,  
 And e'en St. *Ruth*, their general was slain.  
 Behold that Forest, where the raven croaks !  
 There grow the largest, tallest, *Irish* oaks !  
 But what here most attracts a stranger's view,  
 Near this old Castle, is that spreading *Yew*† ;  
 Whose horizontal branches, closely laid,  
 To British Senates might afford a shade :  
 Yes, calmly here a Senate might debate,  
 And coolly settle the affairs of state.  
 Or here the *Druids*, who in days of yore,  
 Taught, under trees, their worship and their lore,  
 Might from the wintry blast have found a screen,  
 And form'd a Temple all of Ever-green\*.

Whilst

---

† Its branches are supported by two circular rows of pillars ; and it covers a space of about thirty yards in diameter.

\* The *Druids* had their Temples in Forests, and entwined green boughs round the stems of the trees, forming a kind

Whilst now, from *Crum* reluctantly you take  
 Your eyes, and glance them down the glassy lake;  
 What groups of Islands§, cover'd o'er with wood,  
 Emerging seem to kiss th' encircling flood!  
 Others are till'd and yield a fruitful grain,  
 Or form for flocks a wide-extending plain:  
 And, whilst your eye you move still farther down,  
 See in an Island there, the County-Town!  
 Behold its Castle!—See the Church's spire;  
 And catch a spark of *Enniskillen*-fire!  
 'Twas here the *Protestants* maintain'd their ground,  
 When by the *Romish* troops beleaguér'd round;  
 (And *Enniskillen* Horse are still renown'd.)

A little westward, in a fertile land,  
 (The *Isle of Saints*\*,) you see a Tower stand:  
 Its Abbey, famous in the days of yore,  
 Lies all in ruins, and shall rise no more:  
 For superstition now is losing ground,  
 And Gospel-light is spreading fast around:

O

---

of wall: hence it is said, is derived the custom of adorning our Churches with ever-greens at Christmas.

§ It is said there are 366 Islands in this Lake. There is one remarkably large, containing some hundreds of acres.

\* *Innishmacsaint*, lying north-west from *Enniskillen*.

O glorious Light ! O happy, happy they,  
Who taste the freedom of a Gospel-Day !

More westward still, now turn your ravish'd eyes,  
Where craggy mountains seem to touch the skies ;  
Where rocks tremendous overhang the road,  
And threaten trav'lers with a fatal load.  
The hawks and eagles here securely build,  
And feast upon the prey which they have kill'd.  
Amidst these rocks a Marble Arch is found,  
Through which a River passes under-ground ;  
Beneath the hills it darkly winds its course,  
(But no man ever yet has found its source :)  
'Till forth at length it issues from the rock,  
And startles shepherds whilst they tend their flock :  
The repercussive hills repeat the sound,  
Which Echo carries to the country round.

Next turn your eyes beneath that mountain's brow,  
Where, midst the cliffs, the ash and fir-trees grow ;  
There see a park, where herds of deer resort,  
And near it stands a most resplendant Court \* !  
The Owner's taste is there with pleasure seen,  
Where heath and moor is turn'd to pleasing green :  
And

---

\* *Florence-Court, the Seat of the Earl of Enniskillen.*



And, whilst a moment here you stop to view,  
 Reflect, what culture, and what taste can do :  
 'Twill make a moor become a fertile plain,  
 And barren hills produce luxuriant grain :  
 'Twill civilize a rude and savage mind,  
 And almost give to dullness taste refin'd.  
 Yet, still remember, here, that 'tis the part  
 Of God alone, to change a sinful heart.  
 It far exceeds our power, or human skill,  
 To curb the passions, and subdue the will.  
 We should, indeed, with mildness use the rod ;  
 But to change *Nature* ;—this belongs to God.

Your eyes awhile have dwelt upon the plain,  
 Come, let us to the mountains turn again :  
 See *Quilca*\* yonder rear his hoary head,  
 Whilst all his sons around his knees are spread ;  
 Who, like an ancient Chief, prescribes them law,  
 Requires their homage and submissive awe ;  
 Or grimly, like a Turk, his head he shrouds ;  
 His turban forms of party-colour'd clouds.

He

---

\* The top of this mountain is generally covered with snow during the Winter and Spring. Snow is sometimes seen on it even in *May*. It is also covered with flat Free-stones, perfectly white.

He sometimes wears, indeed, a brownish cap\*,  
 And holds the clouds and rivers in his lap;  
 Which when he opes, he pours a deluge down,  
 And seems, by gloomy looks and angry frown,  
 As if he meant the country round to drown.  
 Within his belly *Shannon* makes his bed,  
 And at the western foot he lays his head;

I

Thence

---

\* As the top of this Mountain is seen at a great distance, it is usual with the country farmers to go out early in the morning, and to prognosticate the weather from the appearance of his *Cap*, (as they call the Cloud upon his top.) If it is descending, it will be rain that day; if ascending, the reverse.

The Author thinks that the Mountain *Quilca* is the highest Land in *Ireland*; for the following reasons. The *Shannon* rises from the west side thereof, and runs first west-ward, then south-west, and lastly, south, till it empties itself into the Sea beyond *Limerick*. Several other large rivers rise from the eastern side, and take an eastern direction for many miles, then to the north-west, till they fall into the Sea at *Ballyshannon*. Another circumstance is; There is in the south-east part of the county of *Cavan* (in which county *Quilca* stands) a Farm, out of which issue three streams, in three opposite directions: one runs south-west to the *Shannon*, and then through it to the south: another runs north-west to the *Erne*, and through it to *Ballyshannon*: the third runs southward to the *Black-water*, and with it thro' the *Boyne*, to the east, till it falls into the sea at *Drogheda*.

Thence, as if waking from a restless sleep,  
 He starts anon, and travels to the Deep :  
 Nor stops he in his course, or takes his ease,  
 'Till he to Ocean all his tribute pays.  
 Old Ocean then rewards him for his toil,  
 Loads him with favours brought from *Indian* soil§ ;  
 Which he receives, yet not for selfish ends,  
 But soon bestows, and shares among his friends.—

But, lest my thoughts should carry me too far,  
 We'll homeward turn, and stop at *Swanlingbar* :  
 There low it lies, at *Quilca's* eastern foot,  
 Its fountain rising at the Mountain's root ;  
 A famous Fount, whose waters are so good,  
 They heal old sores, and purify the blood :  
 Hither are carried, e'en from foreign Lands,  
 Some with sore legs, and some with leprous hands :  
 All sorts of hues in faces here are seen,  
 The pale, the yellow, freckled, and the green ;  
 The tawny brown, and oft a darkish red,  
 And some are livid, or resemble lead.  
 Some here resort to trifle, dance, or play,  
 And study just to while their time away :

Poor

---

§ The homeward-bound East-India-men sometimes touch at the mouth of the *Shannon* ; from whence goods are smuggled into that part of *Ireland*.



Poor senseless things ! they're so extremely dull,  
 To find amusement they must rack their scull :  
 They're vastly busy ; yet have nought to do ;  
 And stupidly sit down to play at *Loo* !  
 At this they tire ; and, then, their time to kill,  
 They turn again to *Cribbage*, or *Quadrille* :  
 Yet still in these no happiness they find,  
 For, nought but God can fill the vacant mind.  
 How'er they mix, or vary their employ,  
 Without our God they have no real joy ;  
 Without our God e'en *this* bright scene would cloy.  
 These claim our pity ! Creatures of a day !  
 Poor Suicides ! who throw their lives away !  
 Unthinking Souls ! O would they but attend,  
 And calmly listen to a faithful friend ;  
 I'd drop a word to shew them where, and how,  
 They might find happiness begun below :  
 Anticipate, in such a world as this,  
 And taste, in some degree, celestial bliss.  
 Their time would then be chearfully employ'd,  
 They'd feel within no painful, dreary void :  
 Their thoughts would soar above this earthly clod,  
 And every thing around would point to God :

Their hearts to him would gratefully ascend,  
And love him as their Father, Saviour, Friend.

I grant, 'tis well to cleanse the outward skin,  
But still a foul disease lies deep within.  
Its baneful poison runs thro' ev'ry part,  
And he, who'd know the spring, must know his heart:  
There!—there!—'tis found in every time and place;  
Diffusing its foul streams through *Adam's* race!  
From this polluted, filthy source proceed  
All sinful thoughts, and ev'ry wicked deed:  
For which one only remedy is found,  
And this can heal the deepest, deadly wound;  
Can cure a heart imbitter'd with its pain,  
And fully cleanse the blackest, foulest stain.  
This fount on *Calvary* was open'd wide,  
When on a tree the Friend of sinners died; }  
Behold! behold! his pierc'd, his bleeding side!  
Hark, how he groans, whilst sweating drops of Blood!  
He paid the price to make our title good;  
Discharg'd the debt contracted by us all,  
And freely stoop'd to raise us from our fall:  
Yea, bore our load; (let all the Theme rehearse!)  
And timely prop'd a falling Universe!

Whoe'er

Whoe'er in Him believes with heart sincere,  
 Observes his precepts with a godly fear,  
 And follows on 'till perfected in love,  
 Shall surely reign with him in bliss above :

Whoever thus believes, thro' Him shall rise,  
 Regain his image, and their paradise,  
 And boldly claim a mansion in the skies.

}

But, now my heart with love begins to thrill ;  
 We'll therefore walk conversing down the hill :  
 Then seat ourselves beside a bubbling fount\*,  
 And all the Saviour's wond'rous acts recount :  
 Beneath a cooling shade of Beech and Pine,  
 We'll sit, and talk, and temperately dine :  
 We'll speak of HIM, who is the LIVING BREAD,  
 And how so many thousands once he fed :  
 Yea, how He still supplies our ev'ry want,  
 And cheers the soul, when thirsty, weak, and faint :  
 How from the storm He shelters like a rock,  
 And as a faithful shepherd, feeds his flock :

How

---

\* At the foot of *Knockninny*, in Lord *Ros's* deer-park, there is a remarkable fountain of the purest water, gushing from a lime-stone rock : by the side of which is a seat, overshadowed with Trees, where the Company, who resort thither from *Swanlingbar*, for the prospect of *Knockninny* and the Lake, usually dine.



How in his arms the tender lambs He bears,  
 Abates their sorrows, as He feels their cares :  
 And how he bore, throughout the desert way,  
 With murm'ring Israel, when they went astray :  
 How water then from Him in Horeb flow'd,  
 Who was the ROCK, the CHRIST, the MIGHTY GOD !

---

## AN EPISTLE

FROM A CITIZEN OF LONDON, TO HIS WIFE  
 AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

**M**Y Dear, whilst at *Brighton* you breath the  
 pure air,

Inhaling the breeze from the sea ;  
 Let nothing disquiet or fill you with care,  
 By anxiously thinking of me :  
 My body is healthful, my mind is serene,  
 I'm fully employ'd the whole day ;  
 Yet always I find, amidst this busy scene,  
 'Tis needful to watch and to pray.

Then let us, my *Sally*, be studiously wise,  
 Whilst moments are rolling away ;  
 And eagerly run for the heavenly prize,  
 The crown that shall never decay :

If

If each ruddy morning shall find us employ'd  
In praising the God we adore ;  
Our mind shall not feel like a dull empty void,  
We'll fill it with excellent store.

At present, indeed, we are parted awhile,  
High hills and broad vales intervene ;  
Yet Nature's gay carpet will cause you to smile,  
Will serve to enliven the scene :  
The marks of true Wisdom around, you may trace,  
When viewing the earth, sea, or sky ;  
And, whilst at each object you silently gaze,  
Remember JEHOVAH MOST HIGH !

Go down to the beach, and behold how the waves  
Rush forward, and break on the shore ;  
See Ocean, though foaming and fretting he raves,  
His bounds he can never get o'er !  
Contemplate the flowing and ebb of the Tide ;  
The Ships, as in order they sail ;  
How swiftly they pass, and how stately they ride,  
When fann'd by a prosperous gale !

At even, when walking along the cool strand,  
Survey the Horizon around ;  
The prospect enchanting will cause you to stand,  
And seem as in extacy drown'd :

Now

Now Sol in his chariot most eagerly flies,  
And hastens with Thetis to sleep ;  
His rays still refracted illumine the skies,  
When you think he has plung'd in the deep.

What pencil can paint the astonishing scene,  
Of the clouds ting'd with various hue ;  
The lights and the shades of the crimson and green,  
The azure, the scarlet, and blue !  
See Venus drest out in her brightest array,  
Whilst always attending the Sun ;\*  
She borrows her light from the Lamp of the Day,  
And round him her circuit doth run.

The Moon, with her countenance placid and still,  
(Tho' sometimes she's veil'd in a cloud ;)   
Arises, and modestly peeps o'er the hill,  
To speak her Creator aloud :  
The Stars, as they twinkle, or splendidly shine,  
Diffusing their lustre abroad,  
Demonstrate most clearly a Power divine,  
And say that their Maker is Goo.

Ask

---

\* The greatest apparent distance of Venus from the Sun is 45 Degrees.



Ask infidels then, whilst at *Brighton* you stay,  
 To shew a more excellent plan ;  
 Or bid them with wonder the heavens survey,  
 And cry—" What a reptile is man !"  
 Shall HE dare to question a Power on high,  
 Refuse such a God to adore ;  
 Whene'er he beholds these bright orbs in the sky,  
 Or billows that roll to the shore ?  
 The God, who in wisdom attunes all the spheres,  
 Who bids them in unison move,  
 Declares to mankind that he numbers their hairs,  
 And gives many proofs of his love :  
 Then let them, with gratitude, love and obey,  
 And worship the Power supreme ;  
 Let Princes and Nobles acknowledge his sway,  
 And own that they hang upon him.

---

To Miss *A— C—*.

SENT WITH JAMES'S BEAUTIES OF THE POETS.

**A**CCCEPT these flow'rets of thy native land,  
 Cull'd by no mean, no injudicious hand\* :  
 Their leaves are fair, and beautiful to view,  
 Excell'd, methinks, by none ; at least by few : '

K

They'll

\* Mr. James the Compiler.

They'll please the more, perhaps excite a smile,  
Because they grew in Britain's fertile soil :  
Unfold them then ; and as you turn them o'er,  
You'll find some pleasing, or some useful lore, }  
And, like the thrifty bee, you'll lay it up in store.  
Whilst others form a nosegay for the fair,  
Compos'd of various sweets which scent the air ;  
They often leave conceal'd, among the rest,  
A briar or thorn, which tears and wounds the breast :  
And often too, (their foul design to hide)  
They feed the fair one's vanity and pride :  
Not so these flow'rs, which herewith now I send ;  
They're safe to touch : Accept them from a friend.  
Their only aim, though variously combin'd,  
Is to instruct, elate, inspire the Mind  
With what is pure, and elegant, and chaste ;  
To give the most refin'd, exalted taste :  
To wean the soul from trifles here below :  
To cause the heart with gen'rous ardor glow :  
To fill the bosom with a noble flame,  
Which feels no guilt, nor ever causes shame ;  
Which leads the thought to take its utmost flight,  
And as it travels, always feels delight :  
To soar aloft to thatse cure abode,  
Where saints and angels still behold their God.

---

## A FATHER'S ADVICE

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

---

“ I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard  
“ of the man void of understanding : And lo, it was  
“ all grown over with thorns, and nettles had cover-  
“ ed the face thereof; and the stone wall thereof  
“ was broken down.” Prov. xxiv. 30, 31.

ONE morning in Summer I walk'd forth to view  
The trees, shrubs, and flowers, and herbs of  
the field ;

I travers'd the woodlands all dropping with dew,  
And tasted the sweets which the pomegranates yield :  
Awhile as I stopp'd and contemplating stood,  
Remarking each object that fell in my way,  
A garden I saw, all neglected and rude ;  
In wildest disorder it shamefully lay,

Here briars and nettles, and ev'ry foul weed,  
Spontaneously grew, and exhausted the soil ;  
And little remain'd of the once-useful seed ;  
'Twas eaten with vermin, or nauseously vile :

It's



It's wall of defence, too, was all broken down,  
And pigs here might freely and wantonly roam ;  
The trees were unfruitful, with moss overgrown,  
The owner asleep, or was absent from home.

MARIA, my dear, here's a lesson for thee ;  
Thy garden needs culture, and diligent care :  
What tends then to Idleness, cautiously flee ;  
In this lies a fatal and dangerous snare :  
Thy heart is by nature all prone to rank weeds,  
To passion, to anger, to pride, and self-will ;  
All means you must use then to pick out their seeds,  
To check, and to banish, and totally kill.

Each morning, when waking from slumber you rise,  
In deepest prostration most fervently pray ;  
Your heart lift with gratitude up to the skies,  
And keep it thus fix'd all the rest of the day :  
Remember that Being, who gave you your birth,  
Who call'd you from nothing to be what you are ;  
He promises; they, who are faithful on earth,  
With him richer blessings in heaven shall share.

Beseech him to grant you the light of his face,  
And give you in his lovely likeness to shine ;  
To sow in your mind all the seeds of his Grace,  
And make you a branch in the true living Vine :

Be earnest for wisdom that comes from above,  
And all that adorning the Bridegroom can give;  
His patience, his gentleness, meekness, and love,  
Retaining them still, 'till in heaven you live.

Sit under his shadow, and walk with his flock;  
Partake of his banquet, and drink of the wine:  
In danger, still fly to the clefts of the Rock,  
And ardently say, — "My beloved is mine!"  
Contemplate his beauty, how lovely He is!  
How comely his countenance, ruddy, and fair!  
Invite all the daughters to taste of his bliss;  
And now for the heav'nly Supper prepare.

When JESUS, in splendor and glory display'd,  
Shall come with his Saints on Mount Zion to reign;  
There you, in a spotless white vesture array'd,  
Shall mix with the virgins that walk in his train:  
Then watch for his coming by night and by day,  
Let no earthly pleasures divert you from this;  
Stand always prepar'd, till the watchmen shall say,  
"The Bridegroom is coming! Behold, here He is!"

## THE SOUL'S TRIUMPH,

OR

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT OF THE AUTHOR ADDRESSING  
HIS FRIENDS, WHILST THEY STAND ON THIS SIDE  
JORDAN.

IN early life, (the morn serene,  
Whilst Nature gladden'd every scene)  
I put to sea, my sails unfurl'd,  
And simply ventur'd on the world :  
But soon the storms began to rise,  
And clouds envelop'd all the skies :  
The lightning flash'd from pole to pole,  
And discord reign'd without control.  
Where'er I look'd, where'er I steer'd,  
Or wherefoe'er my vessel veer'd ;  
By adverse winds I still was cross'd,  
And by ten thousand tempests tost :  
Yet, 'midst this dark and dreary night,  
I strove to cast my anchor right ;  
And thro' the rocks on either hand,  
I steer'd in hope to make this Land.  
I often labour'd at the oar,  
'Midst pelting hail and thunder's roar :  
But this seem'd light as drops of dew,  
Compar'd with insults from the crew,

Whose



Whose rude discourse and fulsome mirth  
Betray'd their base ignoble birth :  
Yet still their gibes I well could bear,  
And e'en the wit's sarcastic sneer :  
But when I met a man of guile,  
Of malice full, who yet could smile ;  
Yea, *Judas* like, could kiss me too,  
And with a poniard run me through ;  
Could squeeze my hand, and call me—"Friend!"  
Yet mean to stab me in the end :  
To shun such false, such crafty knaves,  
I well nigh dash'd me in the waves.  
But here, the PRIOR\* by my side  
Sav'd me from plunging in the tide,  
And pointed to this peaceful shore,  
Where I should meet these foes no more :  
The *Chart*† he still held out, and said,  
" Be calm, my friend, nor be dismay'd :  
Others were forc'd, as well as you,  
To sail with this deceitful crew :  
Yea, some, before they cross'd the flood,  
Have boldly sail'd through seas of blood ;  
Who yonder stand to hail thee o'er,  
Where thou shalt sigh and weep no more."

En-

\* The Holy Spirit.

† The Bible.

Encourag'd thus I plied again,  
 Exerting ev'ry nerve and vein;  
 And thro' the waves pursued my path,  
 Conversing oftentimes with Death;  
 Who once, indeed, with terror frown'd,  
 But whom at length a Friend I found:  
 For, whilst to me he nearer drew,  
 The more familiar still he grew;  
 And prov'd a very harmless thing,  
 At least, for ME he had no sting.

The Pilot now on me bestow'd  
 A Tubet†, which pointed out my road;  
 Yea cheer'd my heart, and help'd my fight,  
 To see the Stars in darkest night;  
 And gave a more extensive view,  
 Than *Galileo's* e'er could do.  
 Thro' this, I saw the Planets dance,  
 And how they move, or roll askance:  
 I saw the SPRING that mov'd the whole,  
 And caus'd the whirling of the Pole;  
 Perceiv'd the blazing COMETS run  
 To distant climes beyond the Sun;

And

† FAITH, which is the evidence of things not seen.

And where they end their winding race,  
Returning in eccentric maze.  
I saw where Phœbus first caught fire,  
And where his flames will all expire :  
I saw a SUN resplendent rise,  
Diffusing Light through all the skies ;  
Before whom SOL must hide his face,  
Absorb'd in such a dazz'ling blaze :  
And when the Moon and Stars are burn'd,  
And Earth again to chaos turn'd ;  
This SUN, bedeck'd in splendor gay,  
Shall shine thro' an eternal Day.

My Tube now serv'd in all alarms,  
(For such its use, its wondrous charms)  
To give me soft and balmy sleep,  
Whilst passing thro' the watry Deep ;  
And when the billows roll'd on high,  
And seem'd almost to wash the Sky,  
It buoy'd me up, dispell'd my fears,  
And often dried up all my tears.

At length on *Jordan's* brink I stood\*,  
And calmly view'd the swelling flood ;

I

\* FAITH builds a bridge across the gulph of Death,  
And lends thought smoothly on the farther shore.



I ventur'd in, and soon got o'er,  
Yea, in an instant gain'd the shore ;  
Where now in extacy I stand,  
And hail you to this happy land ;  
This land of blifs, of peace and joy,  
Of pure delight without alloy ;  
Where streams of living waters flow,  
Which mortals scarcely taste below :  
I only tasted there the rill,  
But here my soul may drink its fill :  
My gust of blifs is just begun,  
But through Eternity shall run ;  
Whilst in this sweet, this bless'd abode,  
The more I still shall know of God !

To DEATH I've bid a long adieu ;  
And fain would point him out to you.  
Converse with him in youth's career,  
That, when old age and pains draw near,  
Your eyes you may serenely close,  
And gently glide to this repose.  
Here all my pain and sorrow ends,  
And here I've met with many friends,  
With whom I plough'd the boistrous main,  
But now we ne'er shall part again.

We'll

We'll gladly speak of dangers past\*,  
And sing whilst endless ages last.

Oh ! haste, my friends, no longer stay,  
Thus doubting, shiv'ring with dismay :  
Make haste to leave that dark abode,  
To see without a veil your GOD !  
I see, and hear, and taste, and feel,  
What human language ne'er could tell :  
I feel the *Presence* of the LORD !  
The meek, the once *Incaruate* WORD !  
And whilst the myriads shout his Name,  
Which is the universal Theme ;  
Come ye, my Friends, to swell the Song,  
And mix with this melodious throng.  
My harp is tuned, my heart expands,  
And joins in concert with these Bands :  
My Soul is fill'd with DEITY,  
The great, Supreme, mysterious THREE !  
I see—I feel—Oh ! what is this !—  
Come—Come YOURSELVES, and taste the bliss !"

\* Forſan et hæc olim meminiffe juvabit.

VIRGIL,

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